

LAST TEN THOUSAND.

[Belgravia.]

men loading at once. Yes, my 'pile' is dead. I have at last what years ago I said. I would make, and I shall be out of England this day fortnight. What may I not do yet, with over a hoard of knowledge, which I possess? Good heavens, how suddenly the last ten thousand has come! What a lucky chance it was that threw the young fool into my clutches! I managed him properly, there's no doubt. But yet it is a little hard to charge that brood of hounds. Still it's strange the presentiment I have always had about him. Oh, bother such nonsense! what have I to do with presentiments? I shall be believing in ghosts and hobgoblins next! Yet I seem to be *sorry* instead of glad that I have. I am not at all regretting the evil which I seemed to have done, since I saw him. What on earth can this be?"

The last question was caused by a sharp knock and ring at the hall-door. In a few seconds the servant came in with the telegram that brought the news. The cavalier nervously before he opened it. At last he took out the telegram, which he read two or three times over, as if he doubted the evidence of his eyesight. Then he put the telegram in his pocket, and thrust himself in a trembling voice as he did so:

"What can it be? What can it be?"

The telegram which evidently caused him so much uneasiness was as follows:

"Mrs. Oswald, To Jas. Heath, Esq., St. Paul's Road, Stanhope, Hunting Hill:

"It is of great importance that I should see you to-night. Robert Oswald died at 5 o'clock this evening. Please come here at once on receiving this telegram."

It was not to be some conspiracy to get me into the house and murder me?" thought Mr. Heath, as he walked about the room, with the telegram in his pocket. "Oh, nonsense! I need not be afraid of that. They are very respectable people, and I am sure that, if it is, it is either that the mother wants to beg or borrow from me, or that there is some screw loose about the policy of assurance. Curse it! Like my usual luck. But I had better be off there at once, so that I may not be in a fortuitous way when I get there."

He left the house and, hailing the first hansom he met, was driven rapidly to St. Paul's road. A servant opened the hall-door before he could knock, and having asked if he was Mr. Heath, he showed him upstairs to the drawing-room. Though it was just 9:30 o'clock and was getting rather dark, no lamp or candle was lighted in the room, and as Mr. Heath entered he could just discern through the deep twilight the figure of a woman, who appeared to be one of the windows dressed in black. She rose as he entered and asked him to take a chair which was a few yards from where she was sitting. From the position in which she sat, and the darkness of the room, Mr. Heath could not see her face. No doubt she was very clearly, and to tell the truth he felt exceedingly uncomfortable. He was pretty well hardened of course; few men had had more curious experiences, and some of the scenes he had witnessed in the past did not seem to him a little appalling. But just as one of the first things that is taught to every medical student is that he must distrust the patient which he has to inspect on his patients, so, from the first, Mr. Heath had learned that he must distrust himself to be perfectly callous about the feeling and interests of the people with whom he was brought in contact. Still all the tact teaching in the world cannot make a surgeon insensible to pain which is inflicted on himself, and in the present case his mind was so interested that some calamity was about to fall upon him that Mr. Heath felt on the present occasion a sense of fear which almost amounted to terror.

After what he had been prompt in responding to my telegram," said the lady in a hard, defiant voice. "My son, as I told you, is dead. We have stripped him of his little property. He died a pauper. You make £10,000 by his death. I have lately lost nearly all that was worth. I am now in a state of utter destitution, and in nursing him through his last illness. I want £20 in ready money to pay his funeral expenses. You are the proper person to give it to me. Do you refuse?"

I dare say that Mr. Heath would gladly have paid fifty pounds, or more, for the relief he experienced when he heard this speech. So it was only a begging appeal after all. "Thank heavens!" he muttered to himself, and for the first time since he heard of Robert Oswald's death he felt really at ease. "I am sorry," said Mr. Heath, "but I have said, in my usual tone of great determination, 'your son sought me voluntarily. He had ample value for what he sold me. I have nothing more to say on the matter, and I must wish you good-night.'"

But I have something more to say to you," said the lady, who rose from her chair at the same time that he did. "Had you given me the twenty pounds I have been here content to let you go in peace. As it is you must hear why you are the proper person to pay for the funeral of my son. I have a few things to tell you which you will remember to the last day of your life. See—"

She threw open the folding-doors that separated the drawing-room from a bedroom which was brilliantly lighted with candles, and she said, "Come in."

Mr. Heath's mother went round and stood at the far side of the bed, facing Heath, who advanced a little way into the inner room as if he were drawn by a spell.

"Now, sir," she exclaimed, "do you recognize me?"

"You have said to me, madam," said Heath, whose eyes were fixed on the face of the corpse, and who hardly looked at her.

"Twenty-two years make a difference, no doubt," said the lady, "but I am sure which was told round her head and let her long Auburn hair fall about her shoulders. "Now, Phillip Arnott, look at me again and see if you recognize the face of the wife whom you forced to leave you. Look on that bed and see if you recognize the features in the face of your dead son."

"My son!" exclaimed Heath—or Arnott, as he really was.

"Yes," said his wife, "it is not many days since, by an accident, I found out that you, whom I knew to have killed him and whom I tried to save him, were also his father. When you forced me to fly from you twenty-two years ago I found a protector for myself and child. We went to America, where we lived for years as man and wife. In an evil hour we came back to England, and you together—the little darling child whom you used to nurse on your lap—the little child who used to pull your whiskers and throw his arms round your neck. You loved him, though you did not love me; but, oh, how you loved him!"

For a moment Arnott, who was deadly pale, looked in her face and uttered one word, "Alice." Then he looked at the corpse again and said mechanically, as his eyes were riveted on it, "Job."

"Yes, Bob and Alice," cried his wife. "You recognize us now; but what is the matter?"

Phillip Arnott was away from the side to stand. Suddenly he fell senseless on the floor. It was many hours before he showed any signs of returning consciousness, but when he did, he was in a state of mind which condition he

THE FIELD OF HONOR

PARTICULARS OF THE FRUSTRATED

DUEL AT BUCKROE.

The Game Ball Between Messrs. Lee and Whiting—A Colored Sheriff Stops the Fight, &c.

(Correspondence of the Richmond Dispatch.)

FOUR MONDAY, VA., Aug. 10, 1888.

As was telegraphed you to-night a duel was interrupted by a sheriff at Buckroe this morning. The following are the full particulars of the affair:

Some two or three weeks ago Mr. Carl Phillips, a colored man, was son of one of the Newport News district, met at Buckroe and exchanged shots without any serious results. It was thought that this would have settled the trouble, but it appears to have been taken up by another party, and this morning was arranged between Mr. Segar Whiting, son of Mr. Hampton Park, and Mr. Dixie Lee, a brother of the former principal.

Early in the morning, when the sun, at a life is too short, but it seems to have culminated in a question of veracity through some letters which appeared in the *Monitor*. Mr. Segar Whiting, who has a wife and two or three children, was spending his vacation with his mother, and when his friends informed him of the charges which had been made against him. He came over to Old Point yesterday, and disguising himself, found his way home without attracting attention. Friends awaited him and the preliminaries were arranged. It was agreed to select the most appropriate time and place for the anticipated duelling-ground of Buckroe as the spot and the time daylight as being the most appropriate to let day be fought through each other, so to speak. They then advanced to the ground, and, not turning either, unobserved, as they supposed, and reached the grounds as Old Sol was just brightening up the eastern horizon.

The grounds were marked off and pistols were produced, when just here a colored undertaker called a fee. It appeared that a pair of .32-calibre pistols were provided by the seconds, but that Mr. Lee desired to use a pistol of his own with which he was familiar. While this point was being discussed Sheriff Andrew Whiting, a white colored man, with a fine nose for nose, came to the scene at a dead run. He struck the Lee end of the concern and captured that party while Whiting and his friends beat a hasty retreat and scattered in getting away. The colored undertaker followed in his way down the beach to Old Point where he took the steamer Northampton for the Eastern Shore and rejoined his family.

These are the particulars as far as can be learned at this writing. The shooting did not take place between the parties, and another meeting may follow.

Buckroe has quite a reputation as a duelling-ground, or had before the war. The late Captain James Harlan Hope, of the Norfolk *Landmark*, the former member of Congress, and the late Captain J. M. Jones, of the navy, and Alvin Buchanan was also engaged in an affray at that point.

Not the Only One Arrested.

(Special telegram to the Dispatch.)

FOUR MONDAY, August 11.—Mr. R. H. Lee, one of the principals of the recent duel, and who was intended to commit a statement in your paper of to-day to the effect that he was the only party arrested. It appears that Mr. Whiting was the first man arrested, but subsequently escaped while the sheriff was looking after Mr. Lee and his friends.

SEASON AT OLD POINT.

Many People from the West—Army News and Results.

(Correspondence of the Richmond Dispatch.)

FOUR MONDAY, August 11, 1888.

The halls and corridors of the Hygeia are lined with Kentucky, Tennessee, and Ohio people who found it too warm for comfort at home. They take to the water like ducks, and the way they store the crabs and oysters in getting ready to leave, and his assistants smile. The cool breezes which prevail in the evening render dancing enjoyable, and the young people are making the most of their specialities.

A special train from Louisville arrived at the National Guard Hotel early this morning, bringing 275 more guests.

General Tibball, post commander, is expected on order on Monday spending targeted practice until the weather moderates.

The two batteries from Baltimore and Washington have been ordered to the National Guard Hotel, and will reach here on Tuesday morning.

Colonel A. C. M. Pennington, fourth artillery, left on Wednesday evening to inspect an encampment of the Pennsylvania National Guard at Fort Mifflin, Pa. Mr. Tibball is absent about two weeks.

Mr. Lieutenant John B. Williams, of the post, three weeks, has gone to the White Sulphur Springs for a month's sojourn.

Mr. Lieutenant John C. Gifford, of Little Rock, Ark., arrived here on Thursday on a visit to her father, Mr. W. H. Thayer.

Mr. Charles A. Percogy, treasurer of the Baltimore Gas Company, and wife are the guests of Mr. Tibball.

Manager Pike has kindly a new board walk from the hotel to the light-house, and the boats make a "Lovers' Walk," as it is extensively used by that class of persons long after the boats have taken their departure.

Work on the new wharf adjoining the light-house is under way, and will probably be six months or more before it is completed.

Fortress Monroe is now garrisoned by one company of artillery—Battery G, of the Fifth—the other four, with the Artillery School attached, are going to Washington to participate in the annual maneuvers of the late General Sheridan. The flag has been displayed at half-mast and minute-guns were fired to-day. The troops appear to reach home Sunday morning.

B.

AUGUSTA MATTERS.

Sickness of Thomas R. Powell—Returning to Kentucky—Grand Jury.

(Correspondence of the Richmond Dispatch.)

STANTON, August 11, 1888.

Mr. Hugh L. Powell, who is most favorably remembered by many of the older citizens of Richmond when a young man as a salesman in the mercantile business of Thomas R. Price & Co. thirty years ago, and who was a member of the firm of Thomas R. Powell, but for several years he has been engaged in business at Birmingham, Ala., from which place he has just returned. Among his friends are the survivors of the war, among them a prominent member of the war veterans' company, whose companion he was. None will be more pained to hear of his sickness, which has been protracted, or will more gladly receive intelligence of his recovery than they.

During the three or four days past heavy rains have fallen in most of this section of the Valley. Moisture for the corn and vegetation was much needed, as well as a cooler temperature, as for

Said one from the qualified voters of said city

In the month August, 1888, for
one year, as required by section 9076 of
the laws of the State of Illinois, chosen from
several municipal districts, is as follows:

Beverly-Manor District: Hugh P.
Lyle, William M. Tate, Joseph T.
Mittell, George F. Hoover, Adam H.
Shelley, John D. Bailey, David P. Wood-
ward, and William E. Jett.

Pasture's District: J. Hatch Stover,
John W. Glendy, Samuel N. Ramsey,
Oliver A. Wallace, George N. McCutchen,
and William V. Newmans, George D.
Dundley, and Henry S. Keller.

Riverside's District: Samuel P. Filson,
James C. Bryant, Daniel G. Buchanan,
John Smith, Thomas S. Cutwell, Henry
J. Bile, J. Frank Clemmer, and M. T.
McClure.

North-River District: Daniel Hullman,
John V. Bell, A. L. Gillison, Jo-
seph R. Adams, Robert M. Kyle, Richard
H. Silling, Robert S. Gamble, and John
N. Mohler.

Middle-River District: John L. Ram-
sey, Samuel H. Parkins, James W.
Weade, William R. Loving, Jesse Na-
mick, J. McKee, Robert J. C. Thorn,
and Ernest "Funkerhooker."

South-River District: J. Frank Tem-
pleton, John A. Stuart, Alexander H.
McCune, Charles M. Patrick, John S. El-
sie, Jacob P. Hamblen, Mr. R. Colter,
and A. F. Mosby.

CAXTON.

Local Option Petition.
(Special telegram to the Dispatch.)
LESLIEBURG, VA., August 11.—Petitions
containing 187 names from Mercer dis-
trict were received to-day by Judges
Clemens requesting him to order another
vote upon the question of license or
to license for the sale of intoxicating
liquors. The vote polled in this district
at the general election last November
was 581.

A Card.
ABINGDON, VA., August 10, 1888.
To the Editor of the Dispatch:
Dear Sir,—The following article has
appeared in a recent issue of the Fredericksburg Free Lance:
"John A. Buchanan, of Washington county,
Va., has written me regarding the Demo-
cratic State electoral ticket. Cannot go far
revelated and free choice."
The above is great injustice to Mr.
Buchanan and is not true. He declined
position upon the electoral ticket be-
cause Mr. Cleveland was nominated; and
not because of any objection to him nor
to the platform of the national Democra-
tic party. His preference for Mr.
Cleveland was known and avowed by
him before the nomination, and the na-
tional Democratic ticket will receive his
earnest support.

He is known to be heartily in favor of
free trade, however—and stands squarely
in the national Democratic platform.
Be kind enough to insert this card as
an act of justice to Mr. Buchanan, who
now and will be for two weeks absent
from the State, and oblige.

Your truly,
JAMES L. WHITE.

As to Dogs.
RICHMOND, AUGUST 11, 1888.
To the Editor of the Dispatch:
Judging from the numerous questions
with which you are pilled the inference
is that you are a knowledge-box, an en-
cyclopedia; and by way of apprecia-
tion permit me to submit the following
queries—

1. What, if any, protection is there
against a pack of cannibal dogs yelp-
ing all night long in your dreaming
ears?

2. Ought not those who wish to keep
dogs in their yards to place them under
lock and key to keep them from their hus-
bands at 10 o'clock?

Has a man the right to keep any-
thing on his premises to the detriment
and discomfort of his neighbors? There
is a well-known maxim of common law
that declares it unlawful to have dan-
gerous articles—that ought to be observed, if
not enforced. I am fond of a dog—no one
more so—a more age-and have always had
one till now. The fear of annoying some
one only impelled me to forego the
possession of my canine friend. By doing
this you say you would they should do unto
you—is it a mighty good rule.

For nearly two months several of my
family, who have been critically ill, were
terrified by the yelping cur, while the
rest—"matinee at a distance hoarsely"
raved.

KENNEDY.

JOSPH H. SHIPLEY.

A Singular Accident.
(By telegraph to the Dispatch.)
DENVER, AUGUST 11.—A singular ac-
cident occurred yesterday on the Denver,
Utah and Pacific railway near Canfield,
at that point the track runs parallel to the
river about half a mile. The grade is very
steep, and it is customary to ship loaded
cars to the main trunk without the assist-
ance of an engine. Yesterday the engi-
neer of a passenger train, upon approach-
ing the branch track, stopped and re-
versed, and sent back the cars. But unfor-
tunately his engine again reached the op-
posing when two heavily-laden cars
ascending the grade dashed directly
into the engine. The locomotive was
derailed, and as it fell Engineer George
Hopkins was carried beneath it. The
passenger car struck him full force gradu-
ally crushing him to death although not
with sufficient force to crush any bones.
The fireman was also badly injured, but
was spirited away by officials of the road.
Just after the accident occurred a second local
train closely-packed passenger-car wheels
were wrecked with most disastrous results.

Orthography.
(For the Dispatch.)
MARION: Here's a better idea
From front door than rear hall;
Pray us't think it won't make much plim
To get down stairs and up here!
Here bust a farm out West, ain't no harm
Re fix this letter chock
With what our friends told last year
An' tides 'bout his stock!

But what else may be in thiz, of gal,
Is how the critter came?
Was he born here, or was erried?
But buzzer! How it tells
Ag'n! Is double chap or trell?
Then let her dust it quick!
Tho' parts of speech! It puts ter seed
In words like these!

I sing at stella wail the French "
O' i'd stay, bid, bi, bizz!"
I skankie! I never throng!
You tried like I did, but I failed!
Just listen—here hose got a bird
That wasn't none bad fer play!
Buzzer buzz! That spellee time!
It goes e-e-a-

Gilt out! That bud'y yawp frum new,
Til kindest hummel ever hear!
Its note says that awry: Just bow
Dooz she sike fit yer ear?
His gits to spell a-s-p-i-n-g!
His saw with "I-I-I-I,"
An' bod'er-wal, that jus gliss m-o-
he-he-he-ho!

Now shud ye fer a kollege man?
The wisht yet ever heard o'-?
Not dug my cat, I hain't begona
Tab out all ther kneez,
Dat defected, ali-died orthogary
Went home—Marion, ay!
We sorter seaketh a speet with "
P-o-o-o-o-k"

An' now hose musket hit garden weeds,
His mince's spirit wit'
Says—ho!
There's ortit, isn't it? Well, bet wal,
Here's whar bot' voluthere rook,
Birds—like's boom! at the gate—
It's "oh-be-zee!"

Grate—hear! Every step the takes
Heez still'a wrong. My
Ay! I see how honey makes
It's honeyey,
An' laudy Monks! Marcy ma!
Here chasek the beebeaks away!
His rotter-beggers "f-u-m-f-u-m"
Do-b-b-b-b-g!

Thus, ther, Warde! If it churns

WADE WHIPPLE'S WATER.

[For the Dispatch.]

It is not uncommon to speak of all the
attaches of justice as a little "quaint." Cross-questioning intervals, however,
impress the fact that of all court-room
attributions the lawyer is the quariety.

Popular as sea-bathing has become it
is generally admitted that an involuntary
sea-sickness is not so due-tive,

Back-taxcs are among the things in life
that are the most difficult to become re-
conciled to, and the greatest of them all
is the lumbago.

Chief [of decorator who is trimming
the culinary anatomy:] "You aren't flush
with your repete to-day; that paper
hardly hangs right. Even tho' the most
skilled mechanic will run askew once
in awhile."

Decorator: "You've nothing to boast
of, my friend, for you run askew every
day."

"What kind of gallus do you wear?"
[A Simpson don't know!]
The youth laid tender fancies towards
The old mans comely daughter,
They came a walk the mille arcaded
Old mothers vintni naut,
As he replied, smiling:
The square-root supinator."

"Ps, I've just caught a bird in my
new net. What kind of food should I
give it?"
"What kind of a bird is it, Teddy?"
"A real-bird."
"A real-bird, eh? Well, that kind of
bird suggests its own fare: you should
give it book-worms, of course."

"They say, Mr. Cyrie, that your wife
is possessed of a devil. Is that so?"
"I prefer not to put it in that way,
my dear Sir. Permit me simply to say
that she is self-possessed, and you may
draw your own conclusion."

"Ah, here comes my regular monthly
caller, Mr. Pelican," remarked a busi-
ness-man to a bystander, as a brisk-
moving visitor entered.

"Why, my friend, that's Mr. Dan-
ning. Why do you call him Mr. Pelican,
if I like to know?"
"If you knew his propensity you'd
never ask that question. He's always
advancing upon me with a big bill!"

"You will please to bear in mind, Mr.
Captemun, that while I am bound in law
to respect you, there is nothing in your
character to justify my placing you on
an equality with my first husband—and
my dear, departed Leander."

The wife of that captemun gentleman? Well,
well, I've always thought there must
have been something on the high shore
that drew him to that swim over the
Helldorado. Yes yes; I seen it! Wasn't
so much the prospect of meeting some-
body on the other side of the getting
away from some one on this."

"What puzzles me most in this mat-
ter is that part of the Deacon's story
where he is said to have made the trip
across Lake Michigan in fifteen minutes."
"Well the Deacon doesn't boast of
that as due to his prowess at all. You
see, he was fishing and it struck agarape.
He saw the fish had a free head, so lock-
ing his reel he let him have the freedom
of the lake, and it's a fact that he cycled
him, boat and all, from one side of the
lake to the other in fifteen minutes."

"That, sir, it strikes me has a very
fishy flavor."

"Why, you surely don't doubt the
Deacon's veracity, do you?"
Oh, no! Of course there's nothing
deficient about the Deacon's veracity.
It's my credulity that's at fault."

Some stories told by witnesses are so
irrecorable that we are forced to the
conclusion that an eye-witness is not
necessarily a near-sighted man.

Restuctio Ad Absurdum.
"I'm weary tonight, I am sad,
And I want to sleep, I feel alone over me.
But a shadow hangs over my soul,
And a spectre swims through my brain,
And the room around me twice seems to dim.
Where, dead and alive, I am sitting,
Waiting until my pillow shall bring
The spectre somehow silently flitting."
Lord of the Host.

You have been at the banquet, my friend;
You have slipped off five or six times over me.
You have laughed loud and talked silly.
Till three glow you can no longer endure—
Till the faint blue light begins to weigh
Upon you.
To such an extravagant mood
That the hosts of delicious meats
Both on your reflection intrude.

No Room for Him.
(Brooklyn Letter.)
"I hear," said Mr. Clumhorn, "that
young Gladys has gone to the insane-asylum."
"Yes?" answered his partner;
"business troubles?"
No! She married a girl with a mission
about a year ago and has only seen her
twice since, and both times at board-meetings."

Fernando.
John Detweiler, of Mansfield, Ohio,
claims to be the oldest active travelling
salesman west of the Alleghenies. He
has been on the road constantly for
thirty-five years.

James Payne, at nearly sixty years of
age, is square-headed, broad-chested, and
speckled, looking like a prosperous doc-
tor rather than an author. He has
eleven daughters.

Prince Albert Victor of Wales has con-
tracted the country fair habit, with which
so many American statesmen are
afflicted. He will open the Yorkshire
Agricultural Fair at Rinderfeld Tuesday
next.

The Czsr of Russia is a great fisherman,
and he has just bought, in Finland,
a tract of land with a river swimming
with salmon. His imperial wife is also
a fair fly-catcher, and can manage a
wicked fly with ease and grace.

Ike Lambert, the Alabama desperado
recently arrested for killing three men,
once compelled a young lawyer to pick
a banjo all night for his amusement,
keeping him covered the entire time
with a loaded revolver.

Baron Albert Rothschild has purchased
the large mirror telescope that has
been constructed at Paris for \$50,000,
forming, and presented it to the Vienna
Observatory. A gallery for it has al-
ready been built and endowed by the Baron.
The total cost of the scientific gift will
amount to more than \$25,000.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PHOTOGRAPHIC SCIENCE

FOR THE YEAR 1888

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PHOTOGRAPHIC SCIENCE

FOR THE YEAR 1888

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PHOTOGRAPHIC

[illegible]